

NEW IN SOCIETY'S RANKS

SOME DEBUTANTES OF THE PRESENT SOCIAL SEASON.

Miss Katherine introduced this winter by her mother, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt—Young Ladies With Old New York Names—Debutantes From Abroad.

No previous season has ever seen so many debutantes in New York society as the present winter has brought forth. If New York society goes on increasing at the present rate, there will be no capital in the world that includes so many people in the smart set as New York does.

Miss Margaret S. Rutherford is the daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. She was introduced to society last winter.



MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS MORDANT.

by her mother at a reception given in her honor at the Rensselaer house of the Vanderbilts at the northeast corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Morris Mordant and Miss Martha Brevoort are daughters of old family names in New York. Miss Mordant lives with her aunt, Miss E. M. Marshall at 14 East Sixty-third street and was introduced to society by her during the present winter. Miss Brevoort, who has



MISS EMELINE HOLMES.



MISS DOROTHY FOX.



MISS EDITH THOMSON.



MISS MARTHA BREVOORT.



MISS ELSA LAGERLOF.

made her home in Paris for some years, came to this country with her parents to pass her first winter in society here. She has been living at the Hotel Lorraine during the winter and will return in the spring to her home in Paris. She is one of the few persons now in society bearing the historic old New York name of Brevoort.

Miss Dorothy Fox, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Fox of 73 East Fifty-fourth street, was introduced to society this winter. Her mother was Miss Mary McParterson.

Miss Edith Thomson of 41 West Forty-fifth street was conspicuous in the younger set of society this winter, although her formal debut was not made here. She came out last spring in London and she had also been presented to society in Berlin. She is the daughter of Mrs. L. F. Thomson.

Miss Emeline Holmes, who was one of the bridesmaids of Lady Decies, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holmes of 116 East Fifty-eighth street. Mrs. Holmes was Miss Marie Neff Humes.

Big Pennsylvania Rattler.

From the Philadelphia Record.
Nathan Cranmer, of Bradford county has received from a relative in Clearfield county a relic of a one time big rattlesnake. The relic is thirty-three rattles and a button, altogether just as they were taken from the snake after it was killed. It was one of the largest rattlesnakes ever killed in Clearfield county, measuring nearly nine feet in length. According to the method of computing the age of rattlesnakes this one was thirty-six years of age.

BEAUTY MADE BY BUFFERS

ONE WOMAN'S VELVET SKIN IN WINTER ACCOUTED FOR.

Turkish Buffer for the Lips, French Buffer for the Face, Japanese Buffer for the Hair, Pumice Buffer for the Arms. Value of Good Grooming.

"You are not the first woman who has asked me about my velvet skin in winter time; and I always reply by mentioning my buffer parlor," said the artist to her caller. "Come and I will explain all," and she led the way to her dressing room.

"You see here the beauty implements by which I keep not only my face but also my hands, my teeth, my figure and my hair in condition. To learn the art of buffing is to learn the whole art of being good looking."

"You have of course heard of a Turkish buffer. It is used by most actresses and other women. It is one of the essentials of a good figure. To make it you take a big wooden buffer, the kind one buys for polishing one's boots. It is exactly the shape of the buffer used for polishing the nails and it has a wooden back. It is covered with Turkish towel-ling."

"This is the best device known for reducing the hips. When I am exercising I take this big Turkish buffer, grasp it firmly by the handle and rub my hips. It is a process that exercises the muscles and makes the whole nerve system tingle. I scrub my hips with it at least once a day, and if I have an extra meal I use the Turkish buffer twice a day to take off the superfluous ounces."

"For the face I have a French buffer. It was originally a large nail buffer, but I had it covered with fine chambray and I use it for my skin. It is dipped in soap jelly and used to polish my face once a day. The chambray can be quickly dried on a cool radiator or it can be laid in the sun; or the cover can be slipped off and dried."

"For putting on powder for difficult occasions such as motor-ing or walking in the dust I use a small but very effective powder buffer. It was made to order; it is, as you see, scarcely longer than a dill pickle. After the powder has been rubbed in with this a woman is equal to anything in the way of a walk."

"I have of course a Japanese buffer for my hair. The day of the floppy looking head is over; the hair must be managed except by the use of this sort of buffer. I take this buffer, made of white-wood and covered with velvet, and I massage my head."

"I have heard society women lament the expenditure of time and money which the professional beauty puts upon her looks. Yet these same society women pay money to see the actress go through a drama. Nine times out of ten it is not so much the drama as the woman that they want to see."

"I don't believe that a badly groomed woman could succeed upon the stage. I don't believe that there lives an actress who would attempt to go before the public as poorly put together as most of the women in the audience."

"The trouble can be traced to various

sources, but sifted down it is about this way:

"The domestic woman, the woman in the audience, dresses too quickly. She gets into her gown in a minute and she isn't sure of herself."

"She puts too little thought upon herself and too much upon her dress. She doesn't realize that it is not so much the gown that counts as the woman that wears it."

"I have known some women to sew until the last moment, putting the completing stitches upon a new gown. When it was done it looked like destruction. The woman had forgotten to prepare herself for her dress."

"A really beautiful well groomed charming woman can put on any old gown and she will look just as charming. But the woman who isn't well groomed will not look nice in anything."

"Now I don't say that a woman ought to spend all her time in trying to be beautiful, but I affirm that she should devote all the time to it that she consistently can, and if it is scarce she should cut a little off the time she spends on her gown. Gowns will wait, but your looks can't wait."

"The Japanese buffer I learned to use in Japan. There women always have shining hair; it is their badge of honor."

"I had my buffer covered with velvet, and then I got a very little attar of rose. I bought several drops of it, but I had only one drop put in each vial. This is so that I could pour out one drop and save the rest. Otherwise I might use too much at a time."

"I take my velvet buffer and I pour a drop of attar upon it. Then I lay it aside to spread, to let the attar gradually scent the whole buffer. Meanwhile my maid is taking down my hair."

"I prefer to do all these things for myself for the reason that it gives me a certain amount of arm exercise. I part my hair in the middle and I use the buffer upon it, gently rubbing it straight from the parting downward. I use some force and of course I never rub the buffer up or backward, as that would muss the hair."

"I never could understand the object of brushing the hair with a stiff brush or a hard brush. Nothing should ever be used that pulls the hair out by the roots. Wire brushes are the worst things in the world for the hair in my estimation. I use a brush which is more like the palm of the hand in its action."

"The best buffing my hair ever got was in Honolulu when an old native woman poured a few drops of coconut oil in the palm of her hand and rubbed my hair with it. She didn't use enough to make the hair oily, but just sufficient to make it shine."

"By the time I am ready to buff my hair the attar is all gone and the buffer is nearly dry. I rub my hair with it, and then I part it off and rub it again. By the time I have finished my hair is bright and shining. I owe its color to the buffing I give it. I am sure."

"I hardly like to tell you about my pumice stone buffer; there's no knowing what will happen if it is tried by one who does not understand its use."

"I take a big soft linen handkerchief and sprinkle it with finely powdered pumice stone. This I fold over and then I stretch it all around the edges. I have

now a fold of linen in which there is plenty of powdered pumice."

"I lie over a buffer and I don't in warm water, and I scrub my hands and arms with it. My object is to make them smooth and white. Unless you have tried buffing your hands and arms in this manner you don't know how much roughness you get off. I use it until the skin is smooth to the touch."

"Buffing the skin with pumice is desirable if the skin is rough, or hard, or yellow, or out of sorts. At first I used to take off the skin through the vigor with which I used the buffer, but now I have tempered zeal with moderation and I take the spots off but leave the skin on."

"Of course I have to follow this with a buffing with skin food and for this I have a smaller buffer covered with flannel. The skin responds to treatment very quickly. Indeed a woman can make herself good looking in a very few hours."

"The buffing of the finger nails is important. I like to see them a brilliant pink. I have mine polished brightly. They say it isn't good form, yet I notice that the women who lead the styles invariably have highly polished nails. The polish wears down in an hour and only a healthy buffer remains."

"You can't buff your eyes, yet they ought to be bright. The dull eyed woman is never very attractive. I dip a rag in warm water in which there is just enough boracic acid to make the eyes feel comfortable, and I hold it on my eyes. Then I close them and let them rest a while."

"I believe in grooming and particularly in that branch of grooming known as buffing, for it is the secret of good looks."

A NOTABLE LADDER.
Set up in the New Municipal Building Now Under Construction.

In the northern section of the new municipal building now under construction at Chambers street and Park row, that being the section just now furthest advanced, they have in use a ladder that the observer is very likely to view with both interest and admiration; for its novelty and for its perfect adaptation to requirements.

This ladder is about fifty feet long and about six feet wide. Its side pieces are long strips of scantling, and instead of rungs running through these side pieces it has cross strips spiked on at suitable distances apart. Thus the unusual ladder looks as much as anything like a long strip of picket fence standing on end and with every other picket removed. But this ladder is notable in other ways.

Where it stands there is a distance of about forty feet from the ground level up to the first steel cross beam of the building, against which the ladder rests. That would be distance enough to give this ladder a good deal of spring, elasticity, under the weight of people going up and down it, unless it were in some way braced. It has been braced.

From each side piece and at about midway of its length there is run out a right angle, from the back of the ladder, a strip of scantling maybe six or eight feet long, and then to the center end of each of these pieces there are spiked two other strips, one extending diagonally to the side piece of the ladder, above, and the other running diagonally to the side piece below. Thus the ladder is simply but effectively braced, and it yields very little under weight.

The ladder is made of its extraordinary width so that it may be used at the same time by men going up and going down without delay or interference.

THE SANITARIUM SEASON ON

SMALLER REST CURES NOW BEGINNING TO FILL UP.

A Great Increase in the Number of Such Places Near New York Many of Them Country Cottages Conducted by Trained Nurses—Treatment Simple.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," the trained nurse remarked cheerfully. She was packing her bag to go to a New Jersey sanitarium near New York; not a big place, but a pretty cottage with a lot of small piazzas and accommodations for about ten patients. She said that from now until late in the spring every room would be occupied, which promised that she would have a steady job all the time.

The cottage date small sanitarium is of the country cottage type with rooms for half a dozen, a dozen or two dozen patients who pay anywhere from \$15 to \$25 a week, according to the care they require. Often more than the proprietor is a trained nurse. Those started by physicians are somewhat larger and much more formal in administration, say those who have tried both. A few years ago sanitariums of this order were rare. Only very sick folks went to a sanitarium then anyway, and they probably chose the regulation sort with a resident physician always handy.

It is different now. New York women have to some extent acquired the sanitarium habit, the nurse said. These women are not organically ill; they are tired, nervous, disgruntled, the result maybe of too much teaching or house-keeping or bridge playing or something else. A woman now trying her fourth sanitarium in as many years who lives a quiet, uneventful life the year around, has had regularly in the time named four recent midwinter nervous attacks, and leaves New York by advice of her doctor for four weeks. She returns quite serene with a yearning for a sight of Fifth avenue or Broadway.

When Dr. Walker, at the head of a New York sanitarium for operative surgery cases, was asked concerning the rise of the small sanitarium, he said:

"Of late hardly a week goes by without one and another nurse who knows me dropping in to tell about her cottage and its accommodations for patients. Having saved up enough money to set up a cottage and a chicken coop so as to be able to command fresh eggs, these women let it be known that they are willing to receive patients at a charge of from fifteen to thirty-five a week. I ask: 'Who is your doctor?' They leave a prospectus of their place and take themselves off. As rest cures, places where tired folks can be coddled up, have their breakfast served in bed and that sort of thing, I guess these sanitariums are all right."

When asked concerning the recent increase in the number of sanitariums Dr. Edward W. Lee reached across his desk, fished out a handful of postal cards and letters and answered:

"Probably it's so, considering the number of advertisements of them which reach me through the mail. These are mostly of quite large places at some distance from New York, showing that all sorts

of sanitariums are on the increase. As for the places patronized mostly by women who are so tired out from an excess of bridge playing and other social indulgences that they would faint away if required to get their own breakfast, they fill a modern need. But I never hesitate to tell this class of patient that to do some physical work for a couple of weeks, ordinary housework, say, will do them more good than will a sanitarium."

"Isn't it queer," he reflected, "that a woman who is able to stand the strain of a four hour bridge game for stakes is generally too delicate to sweep a room?"

Dr. Emily Jarrett, formerly of the medical examining board of the Board of Education, who comes in contact with many brain workers, as well as women of comparative leisure, explained the increase in the number of sanitariums by the modern demand for a quicker restoration to normal conditions than ordinary treatment received at home will give.

"For instance, an enormous percentage of our population live in apartments which seldom or never permit of much privacy to any one of the occupants. I am speaking of the average apartment and the average run of person, not of the very wealthy."

"For instance, I told a patient to-day: 'I insist upon you going to a sanitarium for a month. If you refuse to go I drop your case.' She is a school teacher threatened with nervous breakdown and the trouble at home is that she has her own way and is petted too much."

"I want to get her away from her family. That is the most important step in many cases of nervous trouble, get the patient away from the family."

"There are two classes of patients which patronize a good deal the smaller sanitariums, women overtired from mental or other work hard on the nerves, and women whose social and family duties are of an exhausting nature. These women are not really ill. Before sanitariums got to be plentiful such persons never dreamed of going away unless to visit some friend or relative, which of all remedies was the least likely to do them good; for to go to a large sanitarium had one open to the imputation of being either seriously ill or mentally unbalanced. A sort of stigma attached to it. One's friends could understand a fit of illness which took one to a hospital, but not the condition which made a short stay in a sanitarium desirable."

"Nowadays all sorts of ailments take people to sanitariums, often no ailment at all other than irritability and nervousness. After a couple of weeks of keeping early hours and being looked after carefully, getting special treatment if required persons so affected are generally prepared to come home and take a fresh start. There is no doubt at all that the women who wear themselves out needlessly with social affairs do a lot to keep the smaller sanitariums going, but equally it is the sanitarium which helps these good looks and readiness for enjoyment."

Each small private sanitarium presents individual features. One, for instance, encourages patients to dance. Dancing in fact is one of the curative agencies employed there. Patients who don't know how or to whom the exercise is repugnant are let off, but these don't happen often. Attached to another place is a workshop where arts and crafts are taught and patients are encouraged to make a try

at learning to work with their hands. Many express delight at the chance.

One of the most popular prohibitions better writing or receiving letters containing any allusion to home matters for a couple of weeks, longer in some cases. As most of the patients are there from choice and to get away from responsibilities of any sort this prohibition is delightful, and selfishly they make the most of it. Sun baths taken in a comfortable chair on a sheltered piazza and much tilling and napping are favorites on the programme of them all with one exception, and this exception is so little popular with women patients that none was ever known to return and few even to stick out the three weeks required for the treatment.

The proprietor, a "hard hearted man" who only consented to take a few women patients when importuned by several physicians, allows no breakfasts served in rooms. In the act of turning over for a new patient he says he doesn't care for patients to be routed out of bed. Instead of getting up at 8 or 10 or at noon they get up at half past six to do gymnastic stunts. Planning to stretch out comfortably with a book for a siesta, patients are called to take a long, hard walk. In short, as a former patient told her friends: "One had always to do the thing one least cared about doing at the time one least wanted to do it."

To be sure women patients who continue to the bitter end of four weeks leave the place rejuvenated, practically made over, hardly conscious they have nerves. Nevertheless none ever goes back, and the manager is just as well pleased. He says he doesn't care for women patients anyway.

The majority of the smaller sanitariums, depending principally on women's patronage as they do, manage differently, dictating anything like heroic measures, their chief prescription being plenty of sleep, rest and fresh air; and the stay of patients is made as agreeable as is compatible with the attending physician's orders.

Early in the winter bargain rates may be had for a score of these, but nearing spring the demand for rooms gets so brisk that top prices prevail.

PORTABLE OFFICES.

Used by Railroad Conductors and Models of Neatness and Compactness.

A man who actually carries his office in his hand is the railroad conductor. Usually it is a box specially made and ornamented with bright brass trimmings and brass handles and with the conductor's name neatly engraved on a brass plate.

When his trip is finished you will see him leave the train carrying his office with him. The railroad has no rent to pay for him and yet he is one of the busiest of employees, with many accounts to keep.

In this hand office of the conductor's are all the records of his trip and it is a model of neatness and compactness. There is a place in his office for all the tickets collected an envelope for his cash from passengers and many blank forms which he is required to fill out with particulars of the run.

Usually the conductor opens up his office in the baggage car or in an empty car after his train has left the last station of the run. For some time thereafter he is a busy man.

His portable office, when opened is transformed into a little desk having pigeonholes and writing materials, and proper pigeonholes and makes up his accounts. It is all done generally before the train gets in, and upon arrival at the terminal he takes his office with him and departs with the rest of the passengers.

CHEAP, BUT NOT SMUGGLED.

How Tobaccoists Can Sell a Few Havana Cigarettes at a Low Price.

A man went into the cigar store where he trades and after buying a few cigars said to the tobaccoist:

"I wonder if you've got a cigarette I was smoking down in Havana a few weeks ago."

He named the brand and said he could get them in a few tobacco stores in New York and in most of the Spanish restaurants for twenty-five cents a package. "Are these the ones?" the tobaccoist asked, taking a package from the case.

"Yes," said the customer, and he dropped a quarter on the counter. "Are you sure they are the ones?" the storekeeper asked.

"The wrapper looks all right," the customer replied. The tobaccoist reached under the counter and brought out another package of cigarettes.

"Compare this wrapper with the other," he said.

"How much are these?" he asked.

"Fifteen cents."

"Imitations?"

"No; the others are the imitations." The customer pocketed two packages of the cigarettes and dropped thirty cents on the counter with a knowing smile and the remark "Only for your customers?"

"Only for my customers, and it isn't worth while at that," the tobaccoist answered, "for it is too much bother."

"And a little risk," the customer suggested. "No risk at all," was the reply. "I can sell them openly without any risk whatever."

Then the tobaccoist told how he could do it.

"Every little while," he said, "some passenger from Cuba brings in a quantity of these cigarettes, and when he finds how much duty he must pay on them he abandons them. They are bunched by the customs officers, and when there is a considerable quantity of them they are sold."

"A band is put around each bunch, showing that they are not smuggled but are from a Custom House sale. They are bought for whatever above the duty the buyers on hand will give, maybe 10 or 12 cents a package net. The dealer can then give his steady customers a treat and make a little profit by selling them at 15 cents."

"The supply is not constant, and for that reason it is not worth while to work up a trade in them at that or a greater profit."

"Honestly," said the customer, "I had a notion that you had some way of working in a few thousand free of duty with your tobacco importations."

"The tobaccoist, if I wanted to sell them illegitimately, it is easy to find sailors from Cuba with a few packages about them on hand they will give, maybe 10 or 12 cents a package net. The dealer can then give his steady customers a treat and make a little profit by selling them at 15 cents."